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The FIRST  
B O O K E  
OF  
Homer's Iliads.

Translated by  
**THOMAS GRANTHAM,**  
Professor of the speedy way of tea-  
ching the *Hebrew, Greek, and Latine* tongues in  
*LONDON, at the Golden-Ball in*  
*Carter-Lane.*

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The FIRST

# BOOK

OF

Homers Iliads.

Translated by

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London.

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## To the Reader.

Reader,

**T**HE Sun is called the Heart of the Planets,  
all receive their light and influence from  
him; the Moon is dark and obscure, but  
when the Sun shines upon her, she shows  
so glorious, that men worship her as a  
goddess; her influence is over sea and land, over men,  
(whom God himself calls gods) witness the *Lunatick*.  
*Homer* he is the heart, the sun, the light of all the Po-  
ets, without him they are like Dials without the Sun;  
like candles unlighted. He is painted vomiting, and all  
the poets lapping like little Dogs what comes from  
him. *Ovid* brings him in attended with all the Muses.

*Homer* with all the Muses grac'd, if poor  
He chance to come, they'l thrust him out of door.

But whilst I am commending *Homer*, I remember *U-*  
*lysses* pleading for the Armour of *Achilles* against *Ajax*,  
he sets out all his valiant actions in what lustre, and  
shadows, and colours he can possible; but when he came  
at last to the stealing of the Image of *Pallas*, he says



little or nothing at all of that, but pulls it out of his  
bosom before all the Army, he knew that would speak  
for itself. *These were prophetic, & should ne-  
ver be forgotten. It was taken out of the Tem-  
ple. Hence is he called to speak for himself, and it  
becomes me to sit silent in admiration.*

To the Reader.

Reader,



HE Sun is called the Heart of the Planets;  
all receive their light and influence from  
him; the Moon is dark and obscure, but  
when the Sun shines upon her, she shines  
to glorious; that men worship her as a  
goddess; her influence is over the world, over the  
(whom God himself calls good) winds the seasons.  
Hence he is the heart, the Sun, the light of all the Plan-  
ets; without him they are like Idols without souls; they  
like dead unlighted. He is painted with a face, and all  
the Planets lap up like little Dogs what comes from  
him. Ovid brings him in attended with all the Muses.

The

Hence with all the Muses grac'd, if poor  
He chance to come, they'll trust him out of door.

But whilst I am commending Wars, I remember  
the pleading for the Armour of Achilles against  
he sets out all his valiant actions in what follows; and  
shadows and colours he can bestow; but when he comes  
at last to the telling of the Image of what he does  
A 2





The FIRST  
BOOK  
OF  
Homer's Iliads.

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The ARGUMENT:

*The Prayers and Gifts of Chryses this Book sings,  
The Plague that Phœbus sent, the wrath of Kings.*



*Achilles son of Peleus Goddes sing,  
His baneful wrath which to the Greeks did  
bring,  
Unnumbred greifs, brave souls to hel did send,  
Their noble bodyes Foul and Dogs did rend;  
Jove will'd all this, he these to strife did*

*bring.*

*God-like Achilles and Atreides King.*

*B*

*Which*

Which of the gods enflamed these to fight ?  
*Phæbus* ( *Jove's* Son ) did owe the King's right,  
*Agamemnon* And made a Plague through all the Army lie,  
 and *Menelaus* 'Cause *Chryses* his own Priest he did despise,  
 (the two Sons Who to the Fleet unvalued Presents brought,  
 of *Atreus*) su- When he the freedom of his Daughter sought;  
 led all then. With *Phæbus* Crown and Scepter in his hands,  
 He prayed the *Greeks*, and those that bore Commands;

*Chryses* (the Oh Princes ! Oh ye *Greeks* with glorious Arms !  
 Priest of *Apol-* Let gods in Heaven but listen to my Charms,  
 lo) his speech And send ye home, when ye have rais'd the Town  
 to them and Of *Priam*; onely grant me what's mine own,  
 the other *Gra-* Mine own dear Daughter; yee the Son of *Jove*  
 cians. Worship, by taking tokens of my love.

The *Greeks* (with Acclamations) all embrace  
 These Gifts, and think them a sufficient Grace.

But *Agamemnon* (rag'd with mighty Ire)  
 Threatned the Priest, made him with speed retire.

*Agamemnon* Doted be gone, linger not on our shore;  
 slights the And being gone, I charge thee here come more;  
 Priest, & gives Neither thy Scepter, nor thy God-head's Crown  
 him base lan- Shall profit thee: I'll keep her as mine own,  
 guage and Till age deform her; In my Court shall she  
 threats. Spin, and adorn my Bed with Gallantrie.

*This said, the Priest obey'd the Kings Command,  
 And walking silent all along the Sand,*

The Prayer of *Chryses* the *Phæbus*, fair-hair'd *Latona's* Son, my Vow  
 Priest, to *Phæ-* Hears, O my God, that bear'st the silver Bow (round  
 bus his god. That *Chrysa* Guards, Rules *Tenedos* that strongly walks the  
 \* A Name of Of Divine *Cilla*, \* *Smynthous*; if ever I have crown'd  
*Phæbus*. With

With Sacrifices thy rich *Phaen*, if ever I did fire  
Fat Thighs of *Oxen*, and of Goats, grant me now my desire;  
Revenge my Tears, with Shafts the *Gracians* pay.  
And thus he pray'd, and *Phaebus* heard him pray.

Who (next) came down from Heaven & brought his Bow,  
With quiver cover'd round, his hands did throw  
These on his shoulders: The Arrows gave a sound,  
Ratling about him as he trod the ground;  
Silent as Night, with Silver Bow he shot,  
His Arrows twang'd again, they flew so hot:  
He first of all shot both the Mules and Hounds;  
The *Gracians* after that receiv'd their wounds; (did Aye,  
The Fires of death nine dayes did burn, so long the Shafts  
The tenth, *Achilles* call'd a Court of chosen men, and high.

*Phaebus* the  
Priests God,  
sends the  
plague a-  
mongst the  
Greeks.  
Ye see here  
how he comes  
down raging-  
mad from hea-  
ven.

*Juno* (the white-arm'd Queen) does mourn for *Greeks*,  
*Achilles* therefore now a Councel seeks;  
Being mov'd by her: swift-foot *Achilles* then  
Rose up to speak in the Great Court of Men.

*Atreides*, now I see we go astray,  
We must return, if we can scape away;  
The Plague and War does many *Greeks* destroy,  
Let us some Priest or Prophet now employ.  
Or Dream-Interpreter, Dreams come from *Jove*,  
He'll show how we have lost *Apollo's* Love;  
If that for Hecatombs, or unpaid Vows;  
Or if for Lambs and Goats he knits his brows;  
These he shall have, if he our men shall mend,  
And bring this Plague unto a speedy end.

*Achilles* his  
speech to *Age-  
memnon*, called  
*Atreides*, be-  
cause *Atreus*  
was his Father;

This said, he sae, *Chalchas* starts up to them,  
(Sirnamed *Thestorides*) who was supreme,  
He knew things present, past, to come, was honor'd in that age,  
To rule the Fleet at *Ilium*, for his Prophetick rage,

*Chalchas* the  
Prophet.



(4)

*Apollo* gave him *Achilles* lov'd of God;

*Chalchas* to  
*Achilles*.

Shall I (said he) show why *Apollo's* Rod  
Does plague us so? Then Covenant with Oath,  
That with thy Words and powerful Actions both,  
Thou'lt help me speaking; for I know their reigns  
A man that much my Prophecie disdains;  
A King's a powerful man, he in his hate  
May bring me speaking to a wretched state,  
Although that day he seemeth not to chide,  
And may a little his fierce Anger hide.  
But if hereafter he shall angry be,  
Resolve me now if thou wilt succour me?

*Achilles* to  
*Chalchas*.

Then said *Achilles*, Speak whatso'er thou knows,  
For by *Apollo* I have made my Vows,  
There's none shall wrong thee, *Agamemnon* King,  
Dare not his hands unto this quarrel bring,  
Although thou Name him. Then the Prophet bold  
Began the *Gracians* griefs for to unfold.

*Chalchas* re-  
veals the cause  
of the plague  
amongst the  
*Gracians*.

Tis not for unpaid Vows, nor Sacrifice,  
This Plague so long amongst us raging lies;  
But *Agamemnon* did the Priest despise,  
Who for his Daughter brought sufficient prise;  
Therefore *Apollo* darting far his Darts,  
Sends you these griefs unto your mortal hearts,  
And he will plague you more, and not refrain,  
Till he his black-eyed Daughter have again.  
Let her with Sacrifice be freely sent,  
Perhaps with this the High-Priest may be bent.

*Agamemnon*  
angry at *Chal-*  
*cas*.

This said, he sate; But *Agamemnon* (then  
The chief Commander over all the men)  
Vext at the heart with madness, and his eyes  
Sparkling with fire, thus the Priest defies:

Prophet

Prophet of Ill, it never pleased thee  
 To speak the best, but rather worst of me.  
 Thou chides because these gifts I did not take,  
 And sayes this plague came for the Maiden's sake,  
 Whom before *Clytemnestra* I prefer,  
 Who was a Virgin when I courted her;  
 \* She's full as fair, as witty, and as kind,  
 Her Huswiferies does much content my mind:  
 But I will send her back, onely I crave  
 That I my Armyes welfare now may have;  
 But a fair Mistress give me, none thinks fit,  
 That I depriv'd should solitary sit. !

\* In those two  
 Lines are all  
 that can be  
 desired in a

To him swift-foot, God-like *Achilles* then  
 Answered, *Atrides*, thou of all the men  
 That breath, we know to be most covetous,  
 And of all Kings, the most ambitious.  
 Thy lost prize, none of all the great soul'd *Greeks*  
 Will out of theirs supply; for now all seeks  
 To keep their own; but when the Well-wald *Troy*  
 Is rais'd, we'll trebble *Quadruple* thy joy.

*Achilles* to  
*Agamemnon*.

Then *Agamemnon* to *Achilles* said,  
 Think you it fit you should enjoy a Mayd  
 And I have none? I will come personally  
 Unto you soon, and all my want supply;  
 The Love of *Ajan*, \* *Ithacus*, or thine,  
 I will bring home, she shall be called mine:  
 And let him rage hereafter, we can these  
 Order; but now it's fit we put to Seas  
 With most choice Rowers: *Chryse's* mine envied prize,  
 Shall go aboard with a great Sacrifice;  
*Ithacus*, *Ajan*, *Idomenus* shall,  
 Or stern \* *Peleides* be the General:  
*Ulysses* the Commander, he shall see,  
 That all these holy Acts performed be

*Agamemnon* to  
*Achilles*.

\* *Ulysses*.

\* *Achilles*.

Which

Which *Phæbus* please; *Achilles* with a frown,  
This bold and haughty mind did soon bring down.

*Achilles* to *Aga-  
memnon*.

What man can flye with valour on his Foe,  
For such a Wretch? I was not injured so  
By all *Troy's* Force: In *Phthia* I enjoy  
My Corn and People: Why should I annoy  
These men whom Hills and Seas keep from me far,  
And cannot come to wrong me in a War?  
Thee and thy Brothers Vengeance we sustain,  
And Triumphs make with Bonfires of our slain:  
Thou impudent, thou Dogs-eyes does employ  
Us with our ruine, for to ruine *Troy*:  
And now thou threats to take my hearts delight,  
Whom all the *Greeks* did give me for my Fight:  
When any Town is sack'd, the Prize for me  
Is lesser far, then that which is for thee:  
But Ile ship home, contented with what's mine,  
And spend no more in any cause of thine.

*Agamemnon* to  
*Achilles*.

To him then *Agamemnon* King repli'd,  
Get thee gone hence, it shall not be deni'd;  
Here's others honor me, the most wise *Jove*,  
In him both I, and other Princes move,  
And nourisht are; but thou my greatest Foe,  
Delightst in Blood, Battels, and Strife and Woe:  
If thou beest very strong, God gave it thee,  
Get thee gone hence with all thy companie,  
And Ships, and Myrmidons, I do not care,  
Nor fear thy Wrath; yet of my threats beware:  
Because fair-cheekt *Chryseis* *Phæbus* seeks,  
Ile send her home with many of my *Greeks*:  
But thy fair-cheekt *Bryseis* home Ile bring,  
And thou shalt know how powerful a King  
Is above all, and every one shall see  
There is great danger to contend with me:

*Achilles*



*Achilles* hearing this, was vext at heart,  
 Bristled his Bosome, his discursive part,  
 Sometime did think with Sword to lay about,  
 Sometimes he thought to fit his anger out:  
 Whilst thus *Achilles* stood in doubtful mind,  
 And drew his Sword, *Pallas* about him shin'd,  
 Being sent from Heaven by the white-wristed queen  
*Juno*, for she had to both loving been:  
*Achilles* by the yellow Curls she took,  
 Standing behind him, onely gave a look  
 To him alone, he turning back his eye,  
 Was struck amaz'd in every faculty.  
 He knew her by her eyes sparkling with fire,  
 With winged words he craved her desire:

*Achilles* enraged  
 against *A-*  
*gamemnon*.

Daughter of *Jove*, who does his Helmet bear,  
 Tell me why thou descendest from thy Sphere;  
 Wouldst thou the pride of *Agamemnon* know?  
 Then see him gasping at this deadly blow.

*Achilles* to *Pal-*  
*las*.

Gray-ey'd \* *Minerva* answered him again,  
 I'm come from Heaven thine anger to refrain;  
 White-wrested *Juno* sent me, she is loth  
 There should be any quarrel 'twixt you both:  
 Show thy respects to us, cease to contend,  
 Put up thy Sword, and so this quarrel end:  
 † Give him most bitter words, take this from me,  
 The time will come when thou must courted be,  
 When thrice the worth shall be unto thee sent  
 For recompence, when that he shall repent:

\* *Pallas*.  
 She speaks to  
*Achilles*.

† Chide, but  
 not fight.

Swift-foot *Achilles* answer'd and did speak,  
 Goddess I will not your Commandment break  
 Although I'm very angry; for I know  
 Unto the Gods I do obedience owe:

Here you (see  
*Achilles* in the  
 height of an-  
 ger yields obe-  
 dience to  
*Pallas*.

They'l

They'l hear my Prayers: Then he put up his Sword  
 Close in his Sheath, just at *Minerva's* word.  
 To *Jove* the rough Shield-bearing *Pallas* then  
 Went up to sit with other gods in heaven:  
*Peleides* then to *Agamemnon* spake  
 With bitter words, and out his anger brake.

*Achilles* to *Agamemnon*.

Thou Wine-sot, ever sleep in Wine, thy heart  
 Thou Dogs face, is as fearful as a Hart;  
 In ambush thou'lt not lye, nor dar'st thou go  
 In Arms with us, ever to fight thy Fo,  
 These are as death to thee, all thy delight  
 Is to rob those that blame thee, of their right:  
 On servile Spirits thou dost tyrannise,  
 Thou subject-eating King I thee despise:  
*Areides* (for the wrong thou offer'st now)  
 Ile tell thee plainly, and will make a Vow  
 By this same Scepter, which can never give  
 Branches and Leaves, I know it cannot live  
 Since it was cut from Mountains, *Grecians* seek,  
 And judges to, by it our Laws to keep,  
 Which came from *Jove*, and a great Oath Ile take,  
 Ile never fight for any *Grecians* sake:  
 When *Hector* slayes thy men, then thou'lt repent  
 That thou hast wrong'd thy Armies Ornament:  
 Thus angry, he his Scepter flung to th' ground,  
 Stuck with his golden Studs; then the profound  
 Sweet-spoken *Nestor* up himself did raise,  
 Who with the *Pylians* was of mighty praise;  
 The Words were sweeter which from him did come,  
 Then was the Honey, or the Honey-comb;  
 Whilst he did live, two Ages were encreased  
 In sacred *Pylos*, and both these deceased,  
 The third he reigned in, being a Prince of skill,  
 He shewed how discord must needs breed much ill.

(9)

Oh Gods! What sorrows do's our Land sustain,  
Priam, and Priam's Sons to see us slain  
By one another? Oh how they'll rejoice,  
And all Troy shout with a victorious voice  
To see those which in Arms and Arts excel,  
Differ! Now therefore be advised well,  
I am older, stronger, no Age did ever hear  
Of such brave men as my Companions were;  
Pyrrhous, Cynus, Drias, prince of men;  
Exadus, Theseus, and Polypheme,  
Like to a God, these Heroes often fought  
With Mountain-Beasts, for men in strength were nought,  
Compar'd with them, they fought and overcame:  
I was Companion to these men of Fame;  
I came from Pylus, and bore Arms with these,  
My Speeches and my Counsels did them please:  
I will perswade you now from any jar,  
Although you're strong, by no means make a War;  
Give him his Mistress, all the Greeks consent,  
Then 'twixt you both there will be great content.  
Achilles be at peace, no King by Lot,  
So mighty honor from great Jove hath got:  
Tis true, You are strong, a Goddess brought you forth,  
Yet he's a powerful King, of greater worth.  
Atreides, cease thine anger, thou shalt see  
Achilles with my Prayers will moved be,  
Who is our Hedge against the Force of Troy,  
Our Armyes Ornament and onely joy.

Nestor's  
Speech to A-  
gamemnon &  
Achilles.

To this the King made answer, and did say,  
Sir, you speak right, but he will bear the sway  
Over us all, and domineer as King,  
There's none shall make me grant him such a thing;  
What if the gods have made him strong, shall he  
Fling his reproaches, and his scorns on me?

Agamemnon's  
Speech to Ne-  
stor.

C

Achilles



*Achilles*  
speech.

*Achilles* answer'd, Men vwill hold me base;  
And I should go avway with great disgrace  
If I should yeild to thee in every thing,  
(Others command, and be to them a King)  
I vwill not fight now for my Mistress sake  
With thee or others; but this from me take,  
If thou dost rob my Ships, then shall this Lance  
Strike to thy heart; Upon this variance

The Council  
dissolved.

The Princes being angry, all arose,  
And to his quarters great *Achilles* goes,  
With his *Patroclus*, and his faithful Mates;  
Then *Agamemnon* knowing well the Fates,  
Did launch the Ship, and gave a Sacrifice,  
With fair *Cryseis* his beloved prize.  
*Ulysses* was the Captain, he did then  
Ascend the ship vvith twenty chosen men,  
Which through the moist wayes row'd her; then the King  
Bad all the Host their Sacrifices bring,  
Of Bulls and Goats, into the deep they cast  
The Offol left, thus was *Apollo* grac'd,  
Thick fumes and vapours mounted from the shore  
Of th' unfruitful Seas, to Heaven they bore  
Enwrapped favours. *Atrides* could not yet  
Forgive *Achilles*, or his wrong forget.  
Then vented he unto *Eurphates*,  
And to *Talpythius*, these Messages:

Go to *Achilles* Tent, fair *Briseis* bring,  
If he deny to give her to his King,  
He come with many more; he'll find it worse,  
And vwill be plagued vvith a heavier Curse.  
This said, they straight obeyed his Command,  
And vvalk'd unvvilling all along the Sand  
Of the unfruitful Sea; just as they vvent  
They found *Achilles* sitting in his Tent;  
They struck vvith fear and ave, stood dumb and sad,  
Nor vvas *Achilles* then to see them glad;

He

He knew for what they came, Heralds (said he)  
 Of Gods and Men, come nearer unto me;  
 I blame you not, I know the King did send  
 For *Brisis*; now *Patroclus* (my dear friend)  
 Bring her, but by the immortal gods I swear,  
 (And mortal men, witness all ye that's here)  
 If your dishonour'd King should for me send,  
 That I against this plague, my help should lend;  
 He is raging mad, things past he cannot tell,  
 Nor things to come, nor can he govern well:  
 This said, *Patroclus* came to *Brisis* Tent,  
 Brought her to th' Heralds, to the Ships they went;  
 She was unwilling: *Achilles* wept full sore,  
 And with his tears his Mother did implore,  
 And lifting up his hands, Mother, (said he)  
 My life, though short, yet should it honour'd be:  
 But Jove no honour gives; great *Atræus* Son  
 Hath ta'en my Prize, and I am quite undone.  
 He weeping spake; his honoured Mother heard,  
 (Sitting i' th' deeps) and straight above appear'd  
 Like to a Myst; her hand did stroke her Son,  
 Tell me (said she) from whence this strife begun.  
 Mother (said he) you do my sorrows know,  
 I need not tell you whence my griefs do grow:  
 We came to *Thebes*, City of *Etion*,  
 Sackt it, and did divide to every Son  
 Of Greece his share, *Atreides* *Chryseis* had,  
*Chryses*, *Apollo's* Priest at this grew sad,  
 Who to the Fleet unvalued Presents brought,  
 When he the freedom of his Daughter sought,  
 With *Phœbus* Crovvn and Scepter in his hand,  
 He pray'd the *Greeks*, and those that bore Commands:  
 The *Greeks* vvith Acclamations all embrace  
 These Gifts, and think them a sufficient grace;  
 But *Agamemnon* (rag'd with mighty ire)  
 Threatned the Priest, he angry did retire;

Him praying as he went, *Phaëbus* did hear,  
 For he of *Phaëbus* was accounted dear;  
 He sent his Darts, and many *Greeks* did dye  
 Through all the Camp, so fierce his Arrows flye.  
 When our learn'd Prophet to us the cause did tell,  
 I gave command to please *Apollo* vvell;  
*Atrides* angry, did his threatnings send,  
 And novv we see his threatnings at an end :  
 The black-ey'd *Greeks* then sent *Chryseis* home  
 Unto her Father with a Hecatomb;  
*Atrides* then for my *Bryseis* sent,  
 Whom all the *Greeks* gave me with one consent:  
 Now scale *Olympus*, and great *Jove* implore,  
 If thou by word or deed didst ere restore  
 Joy to his heart; I have often heard thee vaunt  
 In our own Court how thou wast conversant  
 In saving of our black-Cloud-gathering *Jove*,  
 Whom *Pallas*, *Neptune*, and the great Queen (above)  
 Of Heaven would bind, thou callst the hundred-hands-  
*Briareus* to rescue *Jove* from bands;  
 Gods call him so, *Egeon* amongst men  
 He is call'd, surpast, and was as strong again  
 As his own Father; He by *Jove* did sit  
 In Heaven; the Immortals did not envy it.  
 Mind him of this, sit and embrace his knee,  
 And ask if that *Troy's* succor he will be,  
 And beat the *Greeks* unto their Ships and Sea,  
 Some slain, let others their great King obey;  
 And the far-ruling King this fault shall knovv,  
 That to the best he did no honor show.

*Thetis* her  
 speech.

She vveeping said, Oh thou my dearest Son !  
 Woe's me, I brought thee forth, thy fates begun.  
 Sit without weeping, and endure this wrong,  
 For now thy wretched life will not be long :



Ile climb *Olympus* that is crown'd with snow,  
 And see if thundring *Jove* will hear thy Wo :  
 Sit by the ships, thine anger now refrain,  
 And by no means go to the War again.  
*Jove* and the gods went yesterday to feast  
 With Blameless *Ethiops* i'th' deep Oceans breast ;  
 The Twelfth he'le come again, then will I see  
 His Brass-pav'd-Court, and beg with humble knee,  
 I think he'le hear me, Thus she spake, and there  
 Left him in anger for his fairest Deare  
 Forc'd away from him. Then did *Ulysses* come  
 To *Chryses* shore, bringing a Hecatomb  
 To the deep Haven, when they all did come,  
 Some struck the sailes, others they did make room  
 For Topmast and for Ores, some Anchor cast  
 Against the storms, for drifting made her fast;  
 They come a-shore, and bring the Hecatomb  
 To *Phœbus*, darting far, they welcome home  
*Chryseis*, whom the wise *Ulysses* brought  
 Unto her Father, and thus him besought,  
 (Standing at the Altar) *Agamemnon* sends  
 Thy Daughter, and unto the gods commends  
 A sacrifice for to appease your King,  
 Who on us doth his fiercest sorrows Fling;  
 Thus he resigns her, *Chryses* with joy doth take  
 His Daughter, and a sacrifice doth make  
 Upon the Altar, then salt Cakes he took,  
 With voice and hands lift up, to Heaven did look,  
 And pray'd; Oh hear my God, thou that dost bend  
 Thy silver Bow, and *Cilla* dost defend;  
 And *Tenedos*, thou heard'st me pray before,  
 Thou honor'dst me, and hurt the *Gracians* sore:  
 But oh my God, grant me now my desire,  
 And from the *Gracians* turn thy raging ire.  
 He pray'd, and *Phœbus* heard him: Others did pray,  
 And cast salt Cakes, others did Oxen slay,

*Ulysses* speech  
 to the Priest,

The Priest's  
 prayer,

Which

Which (cut in pieces) on the fire did lye,  
 And these the Priest (with generous Wine) did frye;  
 Some roasted, and some others boild the meat,  
 And every man unto his fill did eat:  
 Young men crownd Cups of Wine, some drunk about,  
 Some saw the Health go round, some pour'd out,  
 Some all the day sung Pæans; pleased the ear  
 Of great *Apollo*, when they sung so clear:  
 But when the Sun was set, and night was come,  
 To sleep on Cables every man made room,  
 Till that the Rosie-fingered-Morn retir'd,  
 Then *Phæbus* with fair Winds their Bark insp'ir'd;  
 They top-mast hoisted, and the sails set up,  
 The ship the parted Waves swiftly did cut;  
 When to the Camp they came, and sandy shore,  
 They all took quarters as they did before.  
 Swift-foot *Achilles* near the Navy fate  
 Angry, and left the Councils of Estate;  
 Which honour men, he never trod the field,  
 Pind, call'd for War, his stomach could not yeild.  
 Twelve Morns being past, the gods did follow *Jove*,  
 And Mount *Olympus*, him did *Thetis* move;  
 Rising from sea at the Morns first light,  
 She climbed *Olympus*, in supremest height  
 Of that high Hill, she spy'd out *Saturns* Son  
 Set from the rest, in his free Seat, alone;  
 She sat before him, her left hand did hold  
 His Knees, the right his Chin, then did unfold  
 Her sons Petition: If to thee I've stood  
 In word or deed, grant me now this same good;  
 King *Agamemnon* to my son did bring  
 A great disgrace, revenge me this same thing;  
 Send help to *Troy*, and let them over-run  
 The *Greeks*, till they give honor to my son.  
 Cloud-gathering *Jove* said nought, but *Thetis* fate  
 Holding his knee, and still did him entreat,

Grant

Grant, or deny ( said she ) just now my suite,  
 Thou fearest none, why dost thou sit thus mute  
 On my disgrace? Cloud-gathering *Jove* reply'd,  
 Come what ills will, thou shalt not be denyd;  
 Let *Juno* storm, chide me amongst the gods,  
 And say my help gives to the *Trojans* odds:  
 But now be gone, lest angry *Juno* see  
 My Promise, and what care I take of thee;  
 Ile nod my Head, then will the gods divine  
 That I do yeild to any suit of thine;  
 And when I nod, theres none that can recall  
 The thing I nod to, if I nod at all.  
 This said, the black-eye-browd, and mighty god,  
 Did shake *Olympus* when he did but nod.  
 Then *Thetis* parting, did from the light Heaven go  
 To *Neptunes* Kingdom, diving down below:  
*Jove* did go home, and all the gods did meet  
 Him as he went, and kindly did him greet.  
 But *Juno* saw *Thetis* in *Joves* Throne,  
 Discourfing with him when he was alone,  
 Then she revild him, Thy secrets thou dost speak  
 To others, but to me dost never break  
 What thou intends. Father of gods and men,  
 To angry *Juno* then replied agen,  
 Hope not that thou shalt all my counsels know,  
 Although my Wife; for I will never show  
 To god or man, but what I fitting see,  
 No god nor man shall sooner know then thee.  
 Then Ox-eyd *Juno* answerd, Cruel *Jove*,  
 Does these same speeches show to me thy love?  
 I never askt before, dost thou not sit  
 Quiet from me, and wils what thou thinks fit?  
 But I tear *Thetis* (with her silver feet)  
 Held you by th' knees, and early did you greet;  
 And I suspect that you *Achilles* fain  
 Would honor, though many of *Greeks* were slain,

*Jove's promise*  
*to Thetis.*

Then



Then did Cloud-gathering *Jove* reply, Oh Wife!  
 Wretched art thou, to make with me this strife:  
 To know my Deeds it will no profit be,  
 But rather take away my love from thee:  
 Then sit thou down, and now obey my word,  
 For if that thou and I do not accord,  
 Then all the gods in Heaven cannot withstand  
 When I on thee do lay my conquering hand.

*Vulcan's*  
 speech.

This said, the honoured oxe-eyd *Juno* then  
 Sate silent, and durst not reply agen:  
 Then all the gods in Heaven this ill did take,  
 Till *Vulcan* pleaded for his Mothers sake:  
 These works are deadly, whilst that you do spend  
 These words, you make the gods themselves contend;  
 This Banquet will to us no pleasure be,  
 But rather grief if you do not agree;  
 But I will pray my Mother now to cease  
 Her chiding, least that she does *Jove* displease;  
 For if he thunder, he can us then throw  
 From the high Heaven unto the earth below:  
 But speak him fair, then I do hope that he  
 Will to us all very propitious be:  
 This said, he rose, the double-handed Cup  
 Into his Mothers hands he straight did put,  
 And spake unto her, Mother, Suffer, bear,  
 I grieve to see you beat, you are so dear:  
 I cannot help you, none was ever known  
 To strive with *Jove* sitting upon his Throne;  
 When once I helpt, he catcht me by the heel,  
 And flung me down from Heaven; I could not feel  
 Ground all the day, But when the black Night came,  
 The *Siniij* straight did take me up again.  
 VWhite-wristed *Juno* smiling took the Cup,  
 And drank about, lame *Vulcan* filled up;

*Nectar* to all loud laughter went about,  
 To see lame *Vulcan* pour in and out.  
 The Banquet held all day, till Sun was set,  
 And every one unto his fill did eat;  
*Apollo* did upon his fair Harp play,  
 The Muses answer'd, singing all the day:  
 But after that the fair Sun's light was set,  
 Then every one unto his home did get,  
 Which *Vulcan* (lame on both feet) made, for he  
 Had built a House for every Deity;  
 Heavens-thundering *Jove* unto his Bed did high,  
 And *Juno* on her golden Throne slept high.

---

*The end of the first Book.*

Owls do make the sound, Letters alone  
 Cannot be read, nor understood by none.  
 The Vowels are the same in *Drama*, and *Blake*,  
 Some think these two should equal honor take;  
*Drama* conduct'd by James *Blake*, such a toy  
 An Ape might do, or every little boy,  
 Fire a *Hoopy Navy*. But *Blake's* sight  
 Did the Sea-Monsters, and great *Westward* fight  
 In the black *Trojan*-storm, his *Trident* there  
*Hollo!* but now he let it fall for tears.  
 The Butter-boxes melted with great heat,  
 And drunken Dutch-men slunk in greale and sweat.



**T**Hese first six Verses I translated thus, and showed them and others to many Scholars, but because I found one Gentleman something curious, I altered them, as you see in the beginning.

*Goddes the wrath of great Achilles sing,  
Who griefs unnumbr'd to the Greeks did bring,  
And many valiant souls to hell did send,  
Their noble Bodies Fowls and Dogs did rend.  
Jove wou'd all this, from him this strife begun,  
Of Agamemnon, and great Pel'us Son.*

---

### *Verses upon General BLAKE, his Funeral.*

**V**owels do make the sound, Letters alone  
Cannot be read, nor understood by none.  
The Vowels are the same in *Drake*, and *Blake*,  
Some think these two should equal honor take :  
*Drake* conquer'd by lame *Vulcan*, such a toy  
An Ape might do, or every little boy,  
Fire a sleepey Navy. But *Blake's* fight  
Did the Sea-Monsters, and great *Neptune* fright,  
In the black *Trojan*-storm, his Trident there  
He used, but now he let it fall for feare.  
The Butter-boxes melted with great heat,  
And drunken *Dutch*-men stunk in grease and sweat;

*Sp. niard*



*Spaniard and Turk, both these together quake,  
And yeild their Captives up to dreadful Blake:  
Mars feard a Conquest from the factious gods,  
And sent for thee, knowing he should have odds  
Against them all: Jove did Achilles fear;  
Behold a greater then Achilles there.*

---

**I***N the Countrey (this last Summer) I taught a Gentleman's  
Son and he being gone a hunting, or coursing, I had great leisure,  
and began to translate Homer; at the first I translated sixteen verses,  
every time more or lesse, till I came almost to Nestor's Speech:  
I read them to some schollars, and they perswaded me to finish the  
first Book, which (by God's assistance) I did, to whom be glory  
for ever.*

---

*F I N I S.*

---

Behold a greater then Abigail there.  
Against them all: yet did Abigail fear:  
And sent for thee, knowing he should have odds,  
Marked a Conqueror from the Nations Gods,  
And yield their Captives up to dreadful Blows:  
Saw and I met, both these together durst.

For ever.  
In the Country (this last Summer) I taught a Gentleman:  
Son and he being gone a hunting or courting, I had great leisure,  
and began to read the Homer, at the first I translated fifteen or  
for every line more or less, till I came almost to Nestor's speech:  
I read upon to some, for which they praised me to finish the  
first Book, which (by a chance) I did, to spend my day

F I N I S .







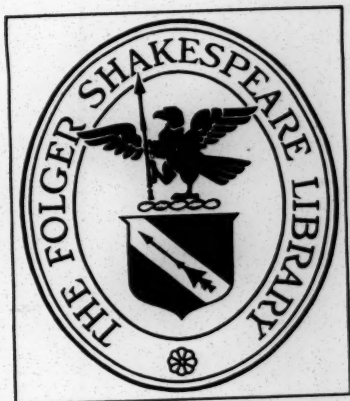






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